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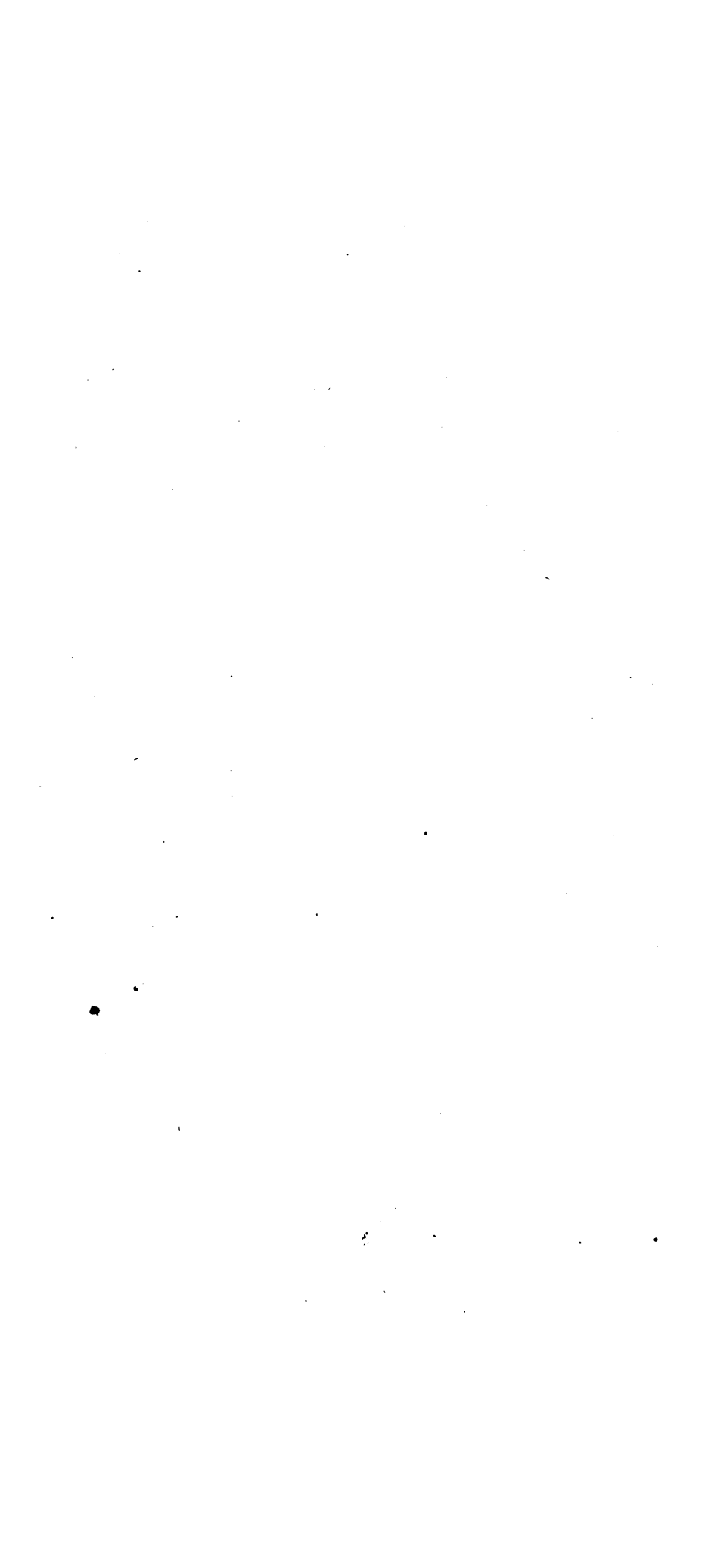
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THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH
NOTES OF VARIOUS COMMENTATORS.

EDITED
BY MANLEY WOOD, A.M.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR GEORGE KEARSLEY.

1806.
C. W. H.



Printed by T. DAVISON,
Whitefriars.

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THE
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

BY
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. V.

B

NEW YORK
1853

THOMAS BENSLEY, PRINTER,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

REMARKS
ON THE
PLOT, THE FABLE, AND CONSTRUCTION
OF THE
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Catherine and Petruchio is eminently spritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca, the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

We have hitherto supposed Shakspeare the author of the Taming of the Shrew, but his property in it is extremely disputable. I will give you my opinion, and the reasons on which it is founded. I suppose then the present play not *originally* the work of Shakspeare, but restored by him to the stage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker; and some other occasional improvements; especially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction

and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *best* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worst*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly spurious; and without doubt, *supposing* it to have been written by Shakespeare, it must have been one of his earliest productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the list of his works by Meres in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, (and possibly there may be an earlier edition) called *The Metamorphoses of Ajax*, where I suspect an allusion to the old play; "Read the *booke* of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that *now* every one can rule a shrew in our countrey, save he that hath hir."—I am aware a *modern* linguist may object that the word *book* does not at present seem *dramatick*, but it was once *technically* so: Gosson in his *Schoole of Abuse*, containing a pleasaunt Inuective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth, 1579, mentions "twoo prose *lookes* played at the Bell-sauage:" and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of William of Worcester, that he had seen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intituled the *booke* of sir Thomas Moore."

And in fact there is such an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's list: "A pleasant conceited history, called, *The Taming of a Shrew*—sundry times acted by the earl of Pembroke his servants." Which seems

to have been republished by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakspeare's copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe.—Nor let this seem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reason to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till some years after his death; but he merely revived it on his stage as a *manager*. FARMER.

In spite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Dr. Farmer's judgment, I own I cannot entirely concur with him on the present occasion. I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakspeare was not the author of it. I think his hand is visible in almost every scene, though perhaps not so evidently as in those which pass between Catherine and Petruchio.

The title of this play was probably taken from an old story, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells skin, or The Taming of a Shrew*.

STEEVENS.

Persons Represented.

A LORD.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken Tinker. } Persons in
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen and } the Induc-
other servants attending on the Lord. } tion.

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to
Catharina.

GREMIO, }
HORTENSIO, } Suitors to Bianca.

TRANIO, }
BIONDELLO, } Servants to Lucentio.

GRUMIO, }
CURTIS, } Servants to Petruchio.

PEDANT, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

KATHARINA, the Shrew; }
BIANCA, her Sister, } Daughters to Baptista.

WIDOW.

Taylor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on
BAPTISTA and PETRUCHIO.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in
Petruchio's House in the Country.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'LL pheeze you, in faith¹.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues: Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore *paucas pallabris*²; let the world slide: *Sessa!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst³?

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy⁴;— Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll an-

swer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.]

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach 's Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd⁶,
And couple Clowder with the deep mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge' corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 Hun. Why, Belman, is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

2 Hun. He breathes, my lord: Were he not
warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he
lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloaths, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hunt.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hunt.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:

Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick;
 And, when he says he is —, say, that he dreams⁷,
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty⁸.

¹ *Hunt*. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our
 part,

As he shall think, by our true diligence,
 He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
 And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,
 Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An it please your honour,

Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome,

¹ *Play*. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

² *Play*. So please your lordship to accept our
 duty⁹,

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 Play. I think, 'twas Soto¹⁰ that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—
Well you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will bear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties:
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1 Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,

Were he the veriest antick in the world¹¹.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my house affords,—

[*Exit Servant and Players.*

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,

[*To a servant.*

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,

And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,—
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for twice seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanding tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watry eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence

May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.

SLY is discovered in a rich night gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dress'd like a Servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Ser. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Ser. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 Ser. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,

Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath¹²; by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's——

1 *Ser.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun
your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:

Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays,

[*Musick.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Ser.* Say, thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are
as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch
thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny
wood;

Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Ser.* And, till the tears, that she hath shed for
thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash
your hands?

[*Servant presents a ewer, bason, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no
such maid;

Nor no such men; as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;

SHAKESPEARE



TAMING OF THE SHREW.

*Sly the governing wife shall not call me husband
My husband shall call me long, I am your good man.
Induc. Sol.*

Painted by J. Thornton.

Engraved by C. Kneller.

London, Published by W. Kearsley, Duc'ry.

And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen ¹³.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—
husband?

My men should call me—lord; I am your good-man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and
husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call la-
dies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd,
and slept

Above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her
alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me intreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, houshold stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.

[*They sit down.*]

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Padua. A public Place.**Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.*

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds;
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow splash, to plunge him in the deep,

And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks ¹⁴,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetorick in your common talk;
Musick and poesy use, to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to
town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO,
and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand
aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,

For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:—
There, there Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, [*to Bap.*] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime
toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;

And I will love the inner friends, myself.

Just. A better one? [He goes.]

Put finger on mine, — and know why.

Just. What concern you in my concerns? —

So, as you please, — myself, — subscribe:

My books, and instruments, and to my company.

Or, here to do, and thence to travel.

*Just. Hark. Distant, thou mayst hear Minerva
— speak.* [Miner.]

Her. Signor Baptista, will you be a stranger?

They say, — that our good will differs.

Baptista's grief.

Ger. Why, will you move me up,

Signor Baptista, for his hand of mail,

And make me near the presence of her tongue?

Just. Gentleman, comfort me: I am reserved: —

Go on, Bianca. [Exit Bianca.]

And for Bianca, she teach me delight:

In words, instruments, and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

As to instruct her youth. — If you, Hortensio,

Or signor Greco, you, — know any such,

Prefer them rather: for to crossing me —

I will be very kind, and liberal.

To make own children in good bringing up.

And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay.

Just. I have more to converse with Bianca. [Exit.]

*Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too. May I
not?*

What, shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,

I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't a fresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*]

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—

*Redime te captum quam queas minimo*¹⁷.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her
sister

Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his
trance.

I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home:
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions, meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible; For who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta ¹⁸; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man, or master: then it follows thus;—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port ¹⁹, and servants, as I should:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)

I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you
been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where
are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would, I were so
too!

Tra. So would I, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish
after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;

But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—

To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 SERV. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

SLY. *Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely; Comes there any more of it?*

PAGE. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

SLY. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would't were done!*

SCENE II.

The same. Before Hortensio's House.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for awhile I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,

Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—

Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate, And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it; I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings Grumio by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.
Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin²⁰.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave

his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out?

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—
Spake you not these words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few²¹,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance²²,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love²³,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me; were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatick seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what
his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry
him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby²⁴; or an old trot
with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as
many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing
comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)

Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough:
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is, Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him: She may perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks²⁵. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat²⁶: You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;

For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca ;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love :
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en ;—
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst !

A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace ;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a school-master
Well seen in musick, to instruct Bianca :
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter Gremio ; with him Lucentio disguised,
with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery ! See, to beguile the old
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together !
Master, master, look about you : Who goes there ? ha !

Hor. Peace, Grumio ; 'tis the rival of my love :—
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous !

[They retire.]

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
 Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
 All books of love, see that at any hand;
 And see you read no other lectures to her:
 You understand me:—Over and beside
 Signior Baptista's liberality,
 I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your papers too,
 And let me have them very well perfum'd;
 For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
 To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
 As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd,)
 As firmly as yourself were still in place:
 Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
 Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio.
 Trow you,

Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to enquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,

Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,

And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange:

But, if you have a stomach, to't o'God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

[*Aside.*

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
 Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
 That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
 As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?
 Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs²⁷.

Gru.

For he fears none.

[*Aside.*

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
 My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
 And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

[*Aside.*

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparell'd; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold.
 Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
 To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't
 [*Aside to Tranio,*] he you mean?

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to——

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir; What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir:—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. *[Aside.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free for me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,——

That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen, Do me this right,—hear me with patience. Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me: let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and rue among the rest;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon²⁸,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent notion! Fellows, let's be-gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your-self,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell,
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest; Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Say, then you jest; and now I well perceive,

40 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

You have but jested with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this
insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside; poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding ²⁹ of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after Bianca.*]

Bap. What in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit Bianca.*]

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[*Exit Katharina.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter,

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting Hortensio.*

Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he for your good sake:

But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his
sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare³⁰! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain
be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your
wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of
it. To express the like kindness myself, that have
been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely
give unto you this young scholar, [*Presenting Lu-
centio,*] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as
cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the
other in musick and mathematicks: his name is
Cambio; pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio; wel-
come good Cambio.—But gentle sir, [*To Tranio.*] methinks, you walk like a stranger; May I be so
bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That being a stranger in this city here,

Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report

I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—

Take you [*To Hor.*] the lute, and you [*To Luc.*] the
set of books.

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within!—

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead

These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them
both,

These are their tutors; bid them use them well.

*[Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio,
and Biondello.]*

We will go walk a little in the orchard,

And then to dinner: You are passing welcome,

And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Tho' little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she: *I'll fume with them:*

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And—twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;

She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.*]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married:—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard
of hearing;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain
Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate, of Kate Hall, my super dainty Kate,

For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd
 you hither,

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
 You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool ³¹.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
 And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should *be*? should *buz*.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take
 thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle! as he takes a buzzard ³².

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too
 angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

- Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his
sting;
In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.
Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay,
come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I'll try.
[Striking him.
Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a
craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look
so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not
sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.
 'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen.
 And now I find report a very liar;
 For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
 But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
 Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
 Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
 With gentle conference, soft and affable.
 Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?
 O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
 Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue
 As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
 O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
 As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
 O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
 And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm ³³.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry agreed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Cat to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
Signior Petruchio: How speed you with
My daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in
your dumps?

Kath. Call you me, daughter? now, I promise
you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
 A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus, yourself and all the world,
 That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
 If she be curst, it is for policy:
 For she's not forward, but modest as the dove;
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
 And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
 That upon sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee
 hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night
 our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for my-
 self;

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.
 I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
 How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—
 She hung about my neck; and kias on kiss
 She vied so fast ²⁴, protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love.
 O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
 I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your
 hands;

God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;

I will to Venice, sunday comes apace:—

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
 And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine, severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clap'd up so suddenly?

Bap. 'Faith gentlemen, now I play a merchant's
 part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:

'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—

Now is the day we long have looked for;

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
 Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry³³.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:

'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnish'd with plate and gold;
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints³⁶,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping; then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in——Sir, list to me,
I am my father's heir; and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;

Besides two thousand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all;
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles' road:—
What have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the
world,
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well; gentlemen,
I am thus resolved:—On sunday next you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:

TAMING OF THE SHREW. 55

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten³⁷.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*³⁸

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in musick we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To Bianca.*—*Hortensio retires.*

Luc. That will be never;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I
am Lucentio,—*hic est*, so nunto Vincentio of Pisa,—
Sigeia tellus, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic*
steterat, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—
Priami, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my
port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pan-
talon ³⁹.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear:—

[*Hortensio plays.*

O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc.

All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

Pedascule ⁴⁰, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*

Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*To Lucentio,*] and give me leave awhile;

My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well I must wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the ordering of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art:
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your
books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up;

You know to-morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both: I must be
gone. [*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*]

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
[*Exit.*]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Sieze thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Before Baptista's House.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA,
BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and *Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, [*To Tranio,*] this is the
'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married.
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be
forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen⁴¹;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would, Katharine had never seen him
though!

[Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca, and Others.]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such
news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's
coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you
there.

Tra. But say, what :—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points⁴²: His horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions⁴³, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives⁴⁴, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legg'd before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;—

Yet often times he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown;
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they saw some wonderous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done
with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[Exeunt Petruchio, Grumio, and Biondello.]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*

Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business:
We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming
home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you, 'tis a groom, indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,

Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list*.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd,
and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he; as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm:—*Quaff'd off the muscadel* ⁴⁵,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck;

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming :
 Such a mad marriage never was before :
 Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [*Musick.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and *Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains :

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ;
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come :—
 Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay 'till after dinner,

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I please myself:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:—

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse; my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man;—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate;

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharine, and Grumio.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones:

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad herself, she's madly mated.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades! on all mad masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd⁴⁶? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast;

for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself⁴⁷, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand,) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!* and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of coneycatching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the serving men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without⁴⁸, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [Striking him.

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress;—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But had'st thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled: how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd—that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you

all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curt'sy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,——Cock's passion, silence!——I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir,—

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir,—
You loggerheaded and unpolished grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat ⁴²,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[Exeunt some of the Servants.]

Where is the life that late I led— *[Sings.]*

Where are those——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud ^{so}!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey, [Sings.

As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what ho!—

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

[*Exit Servant.*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

[*A bason is presented to him.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—

[*Servant lets the ewer fall.*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flapear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?—

What is this? mutton?

1 *Serv.*

Ay.

Pet.

Who brought it?

1 *Serv.*

I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dried away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,—

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

*[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis.]**Nath.* *[Advancing].* Peter, did'st ever see the like?*Peter.* He kills her in her own humour.*Re-enter CURTIS.**Gru.* Where is he?*Curt.* In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:

And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exeunt.

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggardst,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; 'tis charity, to show. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first, resolve me
that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of
my heart. [*They retire.*]

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I
pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,

For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion :
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca ;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior
Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her though she would entreat.
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite for-
sworn!

For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard :
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit Hortensio.*—*Lucentio and Bianca advance.*]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest; But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. 'Faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary: but at last I spied
An ancient angel⁵² coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatantè⁵³, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel.
In gait and countenance surely like a father⁵⁴.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?

Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two:
And then up further; and as far as Rome:
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and
all one. [*Aside.*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you^{ss}.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter KATHARINE and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,—
And starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat:—
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, with a dish of meat; and
HORTENSIO.*

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all
amort?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[Sets the dish on a table.

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof:—

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. 'Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame;
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. —

[*Aside.*

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house;

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.—

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer:
A velvet dish:—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one
too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to
speak ⁵⁶;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin ⁵⁷, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come tailor, let us
see't,

O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demicannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an appletart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop ⁵⁸:—

Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor
gown. [*Aside.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend-
able:

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of
thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a
puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou
thread,

Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—

Brav'd in mine own house with a skain of thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose bodied gown:*

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compass'd cape;*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve;—*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,
give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have
no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think
for:

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.

[*Aside.*

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words;

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your
father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments;

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye?
 O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture, and mean array.
 If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:
 And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
 To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
 Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
 Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
 And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two:
 And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse:
 Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
 You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
 I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the
 sun. [*Exeunt* ⁵⁹.

SCENE IV.

Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like
 VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house; Please it you, that I
 call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well;
And hold your own, in any case, with such
Austerity, as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your
boy;

'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to
drink,
Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:—

Sir, [*To the Pedant,*]

This is the gentleman I told you of;

Luc. I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement,
Me shall you find most ready and most willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd:
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say;—
Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,—
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is fully made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know
best,
We be affied; and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:

Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir:
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender plttance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight:
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:
Come, sir; we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*]

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon
you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here
behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his
signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*: to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

[*Going.*

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [Exit.

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her; It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

*A publick Road.**Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.**Pet.* Come on, o'God's name; once more toward
our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight,
now.*Pet.* I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.*Kath.* I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.*Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore crost, and crost; nothing but crost!*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.*Kath.* Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.*Pet.* I say, it is the moon.*Kath.* I know it is.*Pet.* Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.*Kath.* Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—

But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—

[To Vincentio.]

Tell^{ee} me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,

Whither away; or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make
known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,—
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Vincentio.*]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Padua. Before Lucentio's House.

*Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and
BIANCA; GREMIO walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello, but they may chance to
need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back;
and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*]

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and
Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you
go;

I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*]

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him an hundred pound or two, to make merry withal.

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was belov'd in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentlemen! [*To Vincen.*] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[Seeing Biondello.]

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed?

[Beats Biondello.]

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a mad-man will murder me.

[Exit.]

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[Exit from the window.]

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy.

[They retire.]

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you sir?—

O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat ⁶¹! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an Officer*] carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you, see, that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catch'd in this business: I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd:—
O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. *[Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweetest son?

[Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant run out.]

Bian. Pardon, dear father. *[Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended?—

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son unto the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have
sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? [*To Lucentio.*] Have
you married my daughter without asking my good-
will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go
to: but I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy.

[*Erit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[*Erit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not
frown. [*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*

Gre. My cake is dough⁶²: But I'll in among the
rest;

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. [*Erit.*

[*Petruchio and Katharina advance.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this
ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid: but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, sirrah,
let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray
thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Lucentio's House.

*A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCEN-
TIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA,
PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Wi-
dow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and Others,
attending.*

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;

For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be afraid.

Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense;
I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:—

I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to Hortensio.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish⁶¹.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer doth hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess; hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;

And, and as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore for assurance,

Let's each one send unto his wife;

And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content;—What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go,

Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit.

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves, I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news!

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit Biondello.*]

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she needs must come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O, vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit Grumio.*]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come, Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands: Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Katharina.]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder, what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life, And awful rule, and right supremacy; And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio! The wager thou hast won; and I will add Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns; Another dowry to another daughter, For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet; And show more sign of her obedience, Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes; and brings your froward wives As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.— Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not; Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh, Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknot that threat'ning unkind
brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair
buds;

And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe:
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
 And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And, not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
 I am asham'd, that women are so simple
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
 But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
 Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
 But now, I see our lances are but straws;
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past com-
 pare,—
 That seeming to be most, which we least are.
 Then vail your stomachs ⁶⁴, for it is no boot;
 And place your hands below your husband's foot:
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

TAMING OF THE SHREW. 111

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are forward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white⁶⁵;

[*To Lucentio.*

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.*

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt* ⁶⁶.



ANNOTATIONS

UPON

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

¹ *I'll pheeze you, in faith.*] To *pheeze* or *fease*, is to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken, like *tease* or *toze*, for to *harass*, to *plague*. Perhaps *I'll pheeze you*, may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head*, a phrase vulgarly used by persons of Sly's character on like occasions. The following explanation of the word is given by Sir Thomas Smyth in his book de *Sermone Anglico*, printed by Robert Stephens, 4to. To *feize*, means *in fila diducere*. JOHNSON.

² —*paucas pallabris*;) Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet. THEOBALD.

³ —burst—] To *burst* and to *break* were anciently synonymous. Falstaff says—that John of Gaunt *burst* Shallow's head for crowding in among the marshal's men. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Go by, says Jeronimy*;) This passage has parti-

cular humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. But I must clear up a piece of stage history, to make it understood. There is a fustian old play, called Hieronymo; Or, The Spanish Tragedy: which, I find, was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakspeare's time: and a passage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play is here humorously alluded to. Hieronymo, thinking himself injur'd, applies to the king for justice; but the courtiers, who did not desire his wrongs should be set in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience.

Hiero. *Justice, oh! justice to Hieronymo.*

Lor. *Back;—see'st thou not, the king is busy?*

Hiero. *Oh, is he so?*

King. *Who is he, that interrupts our business?*

Hiero. *Not I:—Hieronymo, beware; go by, go by.*

So Sly here, not caring to be dun'd by the Hostess, cries to her in effect, "Don't be troublesome, don't interrupt me, *go, by*;" and to fix the satire in his allusion, pleasantly calls her Jeronymo. THEOBALD.

Brach, *Merriman*.] Here, says Pope, *brach* signifies a degenerate hound: but Edwards explains it a hound in general.

That the latter of these criticks is right, will appear from the use of the word *brach* in Sir J. Mores's *Comfort against Tribulation*, book iii. ch. 24. "Here it must be known of some men that can skill of hunting, whether that we mistake not our terms, for then are we utterly ashamed, as ye wot well.—"

“ And I am so cunning, that I cannot tell, whether
 “ among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but as I
 “ remember she is no bitche but a *brache*.” The
 meaning of the latter part of the paragraph seems to
 be, “ I am so little skilled in hunting, that I can
 “ hardly tell whether a bitch be a bitch or not; my
 “ judgment goes no further, than just to direct me
 “ to call either dog or bitch by their general name—
 “ Hound.” I am aware that Spelman acquaints his
 reader, that *brache* was used in his days for a *lurcher*,
 and that Shakspeare himself has made it a dog of a
 particular species.

*Mastiff greyhound, mungrill grim,
 Hound or spaniel, brache or hym.*

K. LEAR, Act iii. Sc. 5.

But it is manifest from the passage of More just
 cited, that it was sometimes applied in a general sense,
 and may therefore be so understood in the passage
 before us; and it may be added, that *brache* appears
 to be used in the same sense by Beaumont and
 Fletcher. “ *A*. Is that your brother? *E*. Yes, have
 “ you lost your memory? *A*. As I live he is a pretty
 “ fellow. *Y*. O this is a sweet *brache*.” Scornful
 Lady, Act i. Sc. 1.

WARTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, Leech *Merriman*, that is,
apply some remedies to Merriman, the poor cur has
 his *joints swelled*. Perhaps we might read, *bathe*
 Merriman, which is I believe the common practice
 of huntsmen, but the present reading may stand:

—tender well my hounds :

Brach—Merriman—the poor cur is imboſt.

JOHNSON.

I believe *brach Merriman* means only *Merriman the brach*. So in the old ſong,

“*Cow Crumbocke* is a very good cow.”

Brach however appears to have been a particular ſort of hound. In an old metrical charter, granted by Edward the Confefſor to the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in *Essex*, there are the two following lines;

“Four greyhounds & ſix *Bratches*,

“For hare, fox, and wild-cattes.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ —the poor cur is emboss'd.] Emboss'd is a term of the chace. When a dog by long hunting *foams at the mouth*, he is ſaid to be *embossed*.

⁷ And when he ſays he is—ſay that he dreams.]

One can hardly conceive that he would confeſs himſelf to be lunatic; neither is lunacy a thing incompatible with the condition of a lord. Sir T. Hanmer thinks that Shakspeare wrote,

“And when he ſays he's poor,—ſay, that he dreams.”

The dignity of a lord is then ſignificantly oppoſed to the poverty which it would be natural for him to acknowledge.

STEEVENS.

I rather think here is nothing more than a licentious omiſſion of the pronoun *who*; ‘And when he ſays he is’ means, ‘And when he informs you *who* he is.’

⁸ *Modesty.*] i. e. *Moderation.*

⁹ —*to accept our duty.*] It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses. JOHNSON.

¹⁰ *I think, 'twas Soto*——] I take our author here to be paying a compliment to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women pleas'd*, in which comedy there is the character of Soto, who is a farmer's son, and a very facetious serving-man. Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope prefix the name of *Sim* to the line here spoken; but the first folio has it *Sincklo*; which, no doubt, was the name of one of the players here introduced, and who had played the part of Soto with applause.

THEOBALD.

¹¹ —*in the world.*] Here follows an insertion made by Mr. Pope from the old play, which is neither found in the quarto, 1631, nor in the folio, 1623. I have therefore sunk it into a note, as we have no proof that the first sketch of the play was written by Shakspeare.

" 2 *Play.* [*to the other.*] Go, get a dish-clout to
" make clean your shoes, and I'll speak for the pro-
" perties.* [Exit Player.

" My lord, we must have a shoulder of mutton for
" a property, and a little vinegar to make our devil
" roar."†

* *Property*] in the language of a playhouse, is every implement necessary to the exhibition. JOHNSON.

† —*a little vinegar to make our devil roar.*] When the acting

The *shoulder of mutton* was indeed necessary afterwards for the dinner of Petruchio, but there is no devil in the piece, neither were the players yet informed what comedy they should represent. STEEVENS.

¹² ——— of Burton-Heath——*Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot.*] I suspect we should read *Barton-Heath*. *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Gloucestershire, near the residence of Shakspeare's old enemy, Justice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

Warton says, that ' *Wilnecotte* is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakspeare was well acquainted,

the mysteries of the Old and New Testament was in vogue; at the representation of the mystery of the Passion, Judas and the Devil made a part. And the Devil, wherever he came, was always to suffer some disgrace, to make the people laugh: as here, the buffoonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar. And the Passion being that, of all the mysteries, which was most frequently represented, vinegar became at length the standing implement to torment the devil; and used for this purpose even after the mysteries ceased, and the moralities came in vogue; where the Devil continued to have a considerable part.——The mention of it here was to ridicule so absurd a circumstance in these old farces. WARBURTON.

The *bladder of vinegar* was likewise used for other purposes. I meet with the following stage direction in the old play of *Cambyzes* (by T. Preston) when one of the characters is supposed to die from the wounds he had just received.—*Here let a small bladder of vinegar be prick'd.* I suppose to counterfeit blood: red-wine vinegar was chiefly used, as appears from the old books of cookery. STEEVENS.

near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill.'

There is also a *Burton* in Warwickshire, and a *Barton on the Heath*. The latter is, perhaps, the place here alluded to. Mr. Malone says that *Dover*, the founder of the Cotswold games, lived there.

¹³ *Amen.*—] In this place, Mr. Pope, and after him other editors, had introduced the three following speeches, from the old edition 1607. I have already observed that it is by no means certain, that the former comedy of the *Taming the Shrew* was written by Shakspeare, and have therefore removed them from the text.

"*Sly*. By the mass, I think I am a lord indeed,

"What is thy name?

"*Man*. *Sim*, an it please your honour.

"*Sly*. *Sim*! that's as much as to say, *Simeon*,

"or *Simon*. Put forth thy hand, and fill the pot."

STEEVENS.

¹⁴ — *Aristotle's checks*,] are, I suppose, the harsh rules of Aristotle.

STEEVENS.

¹⁵ *A pretty peat!*] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, *little*, as if it meant pretty little thing.

JOHNSON.

This word is used in the old play of *King Leir* (not Shakspeare's)

"*Gon*. I marvel, Ragan, how you can endure

"To see that proud, pert *peat*, our youngest sister, &c."

and is, I believe, of Scotch extraction. I find it in

one of the proverbs of that country, where it signifies *darling*.

"He has fault of a wife, that marries mam's *pet*." i. e. He is in great want of a wife who marries one who is her mother's darling. STEEVENS.

¹⁶ *Cunning men*.] *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing, learned*, as may be observed in the translation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

¹⁷ *Redime, &c.*] Our author had this line from Lilly, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument of his learning. JOHNSON.

¹⁸ *Basta*;] i. e. *'tis enough*; Italian and Spanish. This expression occurs in the *Mad Lover*, and the *Little French Lawyer*, of Beaumont and Fletcher.

STEEVENS.

¹⁹ ———*port*——] *Port* is figure, show, appearance.

²⁰ ———*what he 'leges in Latin*.] i. e. I suppose, what he *alleges* in Latin. Petruchio has been just speaking Italian to Hortensio, which Grumio mistakes for the other language. STEEVENS.

This mistake is not very well contrived of Shakespeare, as the scene is laid in Italy.

²¹ *But in a few*.] *In a few* means the same as *in short, in few words*. JOHNSON.

²² ———*is burthen of my wooing dance*——] The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expression which I have never heard; the *burthen of his wooing song* had been more proper. JOHNSON.

²³ ———*as foul as was Florentius' love*.] The story of Florentius marrying an old deformed beldame, who

interpreted an Enigma for him, might have been found by our poet in Gower's *confessione amantis*. Thomas Lupton has a similar tale in his *Thousand notable Things*; and there is also another in the *Gesta Romanorum*.

²⁴ *Aglet-baby.*] *Aglet* is the *tag* of a lace. They were sometimes made with little *faces* to them as ornaments.

²⁵ —*rope-tricks.*] This is obscure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *he'll rail in his rhetoric; I'll tell you, &c.* Rhetoric agrees very well with *figure* in the succeeding part of the speech, yet I am inclined to believe that *rope-tricks* is the true word.

JOHNSON.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare uses *ropery* for *roguey*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*.

STEEVENS.

²⁶ —*no more eyes to see withal than a cat.*] The humour of this passage I do not understand. This animal is remarkable for the keenness of its sight. Probably the poet meant to have said—*a cat in a bottle*. Of this diversion see an account in *Much Ado, &c.*

STEEVENS.

It may mean, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil like a cat in the light.

JOHNSON.

²⁷ —*with bugs.*] i. e. with *bug-bears*.

So in *Cymbeline*,

————are become

The mortal bugs o'th' field.

STEEVENS.

²⁸ *Please ye, we may contrive this afternoon,*] Mr. Theobald asks *what they were to contrive?* and then says, *a foolish corruption possesses the place*, and so alters it to *convive*; in which he is followed, as he pretty constantly is, when wrong, by the Oxford editor. But the common reading is right, and the critic was only ignorant of the meaning of it. *Contrive* does not signify here to *project* but to *spend*, and *wear out*. As in this passage of Spenser,

Three ages such as mortal men CONTRIVE.

Fairy Queen, b. xi. ch. 9.

WARBURTON.

²⁹ *—hilding—*] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch*; it is applied to Catharine for the coarseness of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

³⁰ *Baccare—*] We must read, *Baccalare*; by which the Italians mean, thou arrogant, presumptuous man! the word is used scornfully upon any one that would assume a port of grandeur.

WARBURTON.

The word is neither wrong nor Italian: it was an old proverbial one, used by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleases to call, *Epigrams* upon it. Take two of them, such as they are:

“*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow,

“Went that sow *backe* at that bidding, trow
you?”

“*Backare*, quoth Mortimer to his sow: se

“Mortimer's sow speaketh as good Latin as he.”

Howel takes this from Heywood, in his *Old Sawes*

and Adages: and Philpot introduces it into the proverbs collected by Camden.

FARMER.

³¹ *A joint-stool.*] This is a proverbial expression,

"Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool."

See Ray's Collection.

STEVENS.

³² *Ay, for a turtle! as he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read better,

Ay, for a turtle, and he takes a buzzard.

That is, he may take me for a turtle, and he shall find me a hawk.

JOHNSON.

³³ *Am I not wise?*

Yes, keep you warm.]

So in Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady.

—your house has been kept warm, sir.

I am glad to hear it; pray God, you are wise too.

So in our poet's Much Ado, &c.

—that if he has wit enough to keep himself warm.

STEVENS.

³⁴ *She vied so fast,*] I know not that the word *vie* has any construction that will suit this place; we may easily read,

———kiss on kiss

She ply'd so fast.

JOHNSON.

³⁵ *But thine doth fry.*] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by Shadwell:

The fire of love in youthful blood,

Like what is kindled in brush-wood,

But for a moment burns——

But when crept into aged veins,

It slowly burns, and long remains,

*It glows, and with a sullen heat,
Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long;
And though the flame be not so great,
Yet is the heat as strong.*

³⁶ —counterpoints,] i. e. counterpanes.

³⁷ —a card of ten.] That is, with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors. So that this became a proverbial expression. So Skelton,
*Fyrste pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,
And so outface him with a card of ten.*

³⁸ EXIT.] Here the former editors add,

Sly. *Sim, when will the fool come again ?**

Sim. *Anon, my lord.*

Sly. *Give us some more drink here; where's the tapster? Here, Sim, eat some of these things.*

Sim. *I do, my lord.*

Sly. *Here, Sim, I drink to thee.*

These speeches of the presenters, (as they are called) are neither to be found in the folio or quarto. Mr. Pope, as in the former instances, introduced them from the old spurious play of the same name; and therefore we may easily account for their want of connexion with the present comedy. I have de-

* *When will the fool come again ?*] The character of the *fool* has not been introduced in this drama, therefore I believe that the word *again* should be omitted, and that Sly asks, *When will the fool come ?* the fool being the favourite of the vulgar, or, as we now phrase it, of the upper gallery, was naturally expected in every interlude.

graded them as usual into the note, till their claim to a place in the text can be better ascertained.

STEEVENS.

³⁹ *Pantaloon*,] the old cully in Italian farces.

⁴⁰ *Pedascalc*,] He would have said *Didascalc*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedascalc*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*.

WARBURTON.

I fancy it is no coinage of Shakspeare's. It is more probable that *it lay in his way, and he found it*.

STEEVENS.

⁴¹ —*full of spleen*.] That is *full of* humour, caprice, and inconstancy.

JOHNSON.

⁴² —*an old rusty sword, &c.—with two broken points*.] How a sword should have *two broken points*, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a transposition caused by the seeming relation of *point* to *sword*. I read, *a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced with two broken points; an old rusty sword—with a broken hilt, and chapeless*. JOHNSON.

⁴³ —*fashions*—] i. e. the Farcy.

⁴⁴ —*fives*—] or *vives*, a distemper, says Gray, differing little from the strangles.

⁴⁵ —*quaff'd off the muscadell*.] It appears from this passage, and the following one in *The History of the two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy, by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus:

Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door.

“ *Maid.* Strew, strew.

“ *Man.* The muscadine stays for the bride at church.

“ The priest and Hymen’s ceremonies ’tend

“ To make them man and wife.”

Again in Decker’s *Satiromastix*, 1602.

—“ and when we are at church, bring the wine and cakes. STEEVENS.

⁴⁶ *Was ever man so ray’d?*] That is, was ever man so mark’d with lashes. JOHNSON.

It rather means *bewray’d*, i. e. made dirty. So Spenser speaking of a fountain, b. ii. cant. 8. st. ³².

*Which she increased with her bleeding heart,
And the clean waves with purple gore did ray.*

Again, b. iii. cant. 8. st. ³².

*The whiles the piteous lady up did rise,
Ruffled and foully ray’d with filthy soil.*

TOLLET.

⁴⁷ Gru. *Winter tames man, woman, and beast,
for it hath tam’d my old master, my new mistress,
and myself, fellow Curtis.*

Curtis. *Away you three-inch’d fool, I am no beast.*] Why had Grumio call’d him one; to give his resentment any colour. We must read as, without question, Shakspeare wrote,

— and *THY* self, fellow Curtis.

Why Grumio said that winter had tamed Curtis was for his slowness in shewing Grumio to a good fire.

Besides, all the joke consists in the sense of this alteration.

WARBURTON.

⁴⁸ *Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without ?*] i. e. Are the drinking vessels clean, and the maid servants dress'd? The quibble is, that Jacks and Jills are not only men and maid servants, but also drinking vessels made of leather and metal.

⁴⁹ —no link to colour Peter's hat.] A *Link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance*, says—"This cozenage is used likewise in selling olde hats found upon dunghills instead of newe, blackt over with the *smoake of an old linke*."

STEEVENS.

⁵⁰ —Soud, soud, &c.] That is, *sweet, sweet*. Soot, and sometimes *sooth*, is *sweet*. So in Milton, *to sing soothly*, is, to sing sweetly. JOHNSON.

⁵¹ —haggard,] a *haggard*, as has been said before, is a *wild-hawk*, so in a comedy called *The Isle of Gulls*, 1606.

"*Haggard*, I'll make your proud heart stoop to the *lure of obedience*."

⁵² *An ancient angel*.] For *angel* Mr. Theobald, and after him Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, read *engle*. JOHNSON.

It is true that the word *enghle*, which Hanmer calls a gull, (deriving it from *engluer*, Fr. to catch with bird-lime) is sometimes used by B. Jonson. It cannot, however, bear that meaning at present, as Biondello confesses his ignorance of the quality of the person who is afterwards persuaded to represent the

father of Lucentio. The precise meaning of it is not ascertained in Jonson, neither is the word to be found in any of the original copies of Shakspeare.

STEEVENS.

⁵³ ——— *mercatanté*—] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercantante* is frequently used in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no scruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it spelt in the folio and quarto, were obliged to supply a syllable to make out the verse, which the Italian pronunciation renders unnecessary. STEEVENS.

⁵⁴ *In gait and countenance surely like a father.*] I know not what he is, says the speaker, however this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man.

WARBURTON.

⁵⁵ —to clothe you as becomes you.] There is an old comedy called *Supposes*, translated from Ariosto, by George Gascoigne. Thence Shakspeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as some of the phraseology) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There likewise he found the quaint name of *Petruchio*. My young master and his man exchange habits, and persuade a *Scenæse*, as he is called, to personate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government. FARMER.

This part of the plot is so contemptibly improbable, that my veneration for Shakspeare makes me rejoice at Dr. Farmer's having found another father for it.

⁵⁶ *Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak.*] Shakspeare has here copied nature with great skill. Petruchio, by frightening, starving, and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleness and submission. And the audience expects to hear no more of the shrew: when on her being crossed, in the article of fashion and finery, the most inveterate folly of the sex, she flies out again, though for the last time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature.

WARBURTON.

⁵⁷ —*custard-coffin.*] The raised walls of a pie, which we now call a *standing crust*, were formerly termed a *coffin*.

⁵⁸ —*a censer in a barber's shop:*] *Censers* in barbers' shops, are now disused, but they may easily be imagined to have been vessels which, for the emission of the smoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interstices.

JOHNSON.

It seems that these utensils were formerly a necessary part of a barber's-shop furniture. Over them the operator kept his water hot for shaving, whilst the fire within them, (perhaps with the addition of some fragrant substances) served to render sweet a small room, frequented by a number of chance-medley customers.

⁵⁹ EXEUNT.] After this exit, the characters before whom the play is supposed to be exhibited, are introduced again, from the spurious comedy mentioned in the former notes.

Lord. *Who's within there?*

Enter Servants.

Asleep again! go take him easily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But see you wake him not in any case.

Serv. *It shall be done, my lord; come help to bear him hence.* [They bear off Sly.

STEEVENS.

“ *Tell me, sweet Kate,*] In the first sketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two speeches in this place worth preserving, and seeming to be of the hand of Shakspeare, though the rest of that play is far inferior.

“ Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
 “ More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
 “ Than precious sardonix, or purple rocks
 “ Of amethysts, or glittering hyacinth——
 “ ——Sweet Catharine, this lovely woman——
 “ *Cath.* Fair lovely lady, bright and chrystalline,
 “ Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
 “ As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
 “ Within whose eyes she takes her dawning
 beams,
 “ And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks.
 “ Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
 “ Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
 “ Uninhabitable as the burning zone,
 “ With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

POPE.

An attentive reader will perceive in this speech several words which are employed in none of the legitimate plays of Shakspeare. Such, I believe, are, *sardonyx*, *hyacinth*, *eye-train'd*, *radiations*, and especially *uninhabitable*; our poet generally using *inhabitable* in its room, as in Rich. II.

Or any other ground inhabitable.

These instances may serve as some proofs, that the former play was not the work of Shakspeare.

STEEVENS.

⁶¹ —*a copatain hat*,] is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, such as was anciently worn by well-dressed men.

JOHNSON.

This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gascoigne. See Hearbes, page 154:

A coptantk hat made on a Flemish block.

And again in his epilogue, page 216.

With high copt hats, and feathers flaunt a flaunt.

In Stub's *Anatomic of Abuses*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter on the hattes of England, beginning thus:

Sometimes they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the speare or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads, &c.

STEEVENS.

My cake is dough.] This is a proverbial ex-

pression which I meet with in the old interlude of Tom Tyler and his Wife, 1598.

"Alas poor Tom, *his cake his dough*."

STEEVENS.

⁶³ *A good swift simile, but something currish.*] *Swift* and *nimble* had the same metaphorical signification, in Shakspeare's days, as *quick* has now. The Duke says of the Clown, in *As You Like It*, *He is very swift and sententious*, meaning, he is very *quick*, or *witty*.

⁶⁴ —*vail your stomachs*—] i. e. *lower* your stomachs or your resentments.

⁶⁵ *Though you hit the white;*] To hit the *white* (or the mark) is a term in archery, and *Bianca* is also *white* in Italian. Shakspeare was too much of a wag to let such a *double-entendre* escape him.

⁶⁶ At the conclusion of this piece, Mr. Pope continued his insertions from the old play as follows.

Enter two servants, bearing Sly in his own apparel and leaving him on the stage. Then enter a Tapster.

Sly. [awaking.] *Sim, give's some more wine—— what, all the players gone? Am I not a lord?*

Tap. *A lord, with a murrain? come, art thou drunk still?*

Sly. *Who's this? Tapster! oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heardst in all thy life.*

Tap. *Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming here all night.*

Sly. *Will she? I know how to tame a shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too if she anger me.*

These passages, which have been hitherto printed as part of the work of Shakspeare, I have sunk into the notes, that they may be preserved, as they are necessary to the integrity of the piece, though they really compose no part of it, being neither published in the folio or quarto editions. The players delivered down this comedy, among the rest, as one of Shakspeare's own; and its intrinsic merit bears sufficient evidence to the propriety of their decision. Mr. Pope is the only person who appears to have met with the old spurious play of the same name. This speech which he has quoted from hence, bears little resemblance, in my opinion, to the stile of Shakspeare; and, if I am not mistaken, exhibits several words, which he has employed in no other of his pieces. It may likewise be remarked, that the old copy of this play, dated 1607, from which Mr. Pope inserted such passages as are now degraded, does not appear to have reached the hands of Dr. Warburton, who inherited all the rest which his friend had enumerated. For this copy I have re-

peatedly advertised, with such offers as might have tempted any indigent owner to have sold it, and, I hope, in such terms as might have procured me the loan of it from those who preserved it only on account of its rarity. It was, however, neither to be bought, borrowed, or heard of. I would therefore, excuse myself for having left such parts out of the text, as I do not believe to be genuine, for the same reason that Bernini declined the task of repairing a famous though mutilated statue, because I am unwilling to unite stucco with Grecian marble.

I must add a few more reasons why I neither believe the former comedy of the Taming the Shrew, 1607, nor the old play of King John in two parts, to have been the work of Shakspeare. He generally followed every novel or history from whence he took his plots, as closely as he could; and is so often indebted to these originals for his very thoughts and expressions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to spare himself the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both these plays, (like that of Hen. V. in which Oldcastle is introduced) were the unsuccessful performances of contemporary authors. Shakspeare saw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were such as would furnish incidents for a better dramatist. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their scenes, still writing the dialogue anew, and

inserting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preserving, or was too much in haste to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world to see the track of others followed by those who would never have given themselves the trouble to mark out one of their own.

STEEVENS.

W I N T E R ' S T A L E .

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. V.

L

REMARKS
ON THE
PLOT, THE FABLE, AND CONSTRUCTION
OF THE
WINTER'S TALE.

THIS Play of Shakspeare is taken, with a few alterations, from *Robert Greene's pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*.

In that story Pandosto, king of Bohemia, is married to Bellaria, a princess of great beauty and virtue, who at the end of the first year brings a son, by them called *Garrinter*.

Egistus, king of Sicily, had been the friend of Pandosto from their infancy, and now went into Bohemia to felicitate him on his marriage and the birth of his son. At first Pandosto receives him with all the ardor of friendship, but is soon seized with jealousy at the tender attention paid by Bellaria to the amiable and virtuous friend of a beloved husband.

Egistus is informed of his friend's unhappy suspicions and his intention to poison him, by Franian the king's cup-bearer, in company with whom he secretly quits the kingdom. Pandosto imprisons the queen and determines to put her to death, but the oracle of

Apollo declares her innocence. Before this decision of the god, Bellaria had been delivered of a daughter, whom the king ordered to be exposed in a boat to the mercy of the elements. At the report of the oracle Pandosto is smitten with remorse: not daring to approach his injured wife, he sends his nobles to intreat her forgiveness, but at this important moment a messenger arrives to say his son Garrinter is dead, and the queen overpowered, at once, by the extremes of joy and grief, falls down and instantly expires.

The boat which contained the infant was cast on the coast of Sicily: a shepherd picked up the child and reared her as his daughter, applying the riches he found with her to his own use. When Fawnia (for so she was called) had attained the age of fifteen, her beauty became the admiration of all the swains. At this period Dorastus, the only son of Egistus, sees and becomes enamoured of her. A reciprocal passion soon invades the bosom of the fair shepherdess, and as the prince foresees the anger of his father, at the discovery of his intended union, he determines to relinquish Sicily and his pretensions to its crown, in order to become the husband of his beloved Fawnia.

The bark in which the lovers escape is driven by a storm to the shores of Bohemia: here the old king Pandosto falls in love with his daughter, and imprisons Dorastus, who had assumed the name of Meleagrus. Some Bohemian merchants recognize the prince, and carry the news to the king of Sicily. Egistus sets out for the court of Pandosto, where Fawnia's rank

is discovered by the old shepherd's relation, and the tale concludes by a marriage of the lovers.

The character of Autolychus is entirely the invention of Shakspeare. As Doctor Johnson says, it is naturally conceived and strongly represented.

Persons Represented.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia :*

MAMILLIUS, *his Son.*

CAMILLO,

ANTIGONUS,

CLEOMENES,

DION,

Another Sicilian Lord.

ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia :*

FLORIZEL, *his Son.*

ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*

A Mariner.

Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita :

Clown, his Son.

Servant to the old Shepherd.

AUTOLYCHUS, *a Rogue.*

Time, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*

PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*

EMILIA, *a Lady,*

Two other Ladies,

MOPSA,

DORCAS,

Shepherdesses.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants ;

Satyrs for a Dance ;

Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves : for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd², with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire
to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am questioned by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow^s
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then: and in that

I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the
world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You,
sir,

Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*To Polixenes,*] I'll ad-
venture

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest⁴
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol.

No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol.

I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol.

Your guest then, madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending:
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her.

Not your gaoler then,

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then.

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well; when was't
before?

I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make
us

As fat as tame things; One good deed, dying tongue-
less,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,

With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre ⁶. But to the goal;—

My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;

What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace?

But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?

Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love⁷; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;

The other, for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to Polixenes—

Leon. Too hot, too hot: [Aside—

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy, —not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o'the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks!

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy
nose?—

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling?

[Observing Polixenes and Hermione.

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have,

To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are

Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
 That will say any thing: But were they false
 As o'er-died blacks ¹⁰, as wind, as waters; false
 As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
 To say, this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
 Look on me with your welkin eye ¹¹: Sweet villain!
 Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't be?
 Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
 Thou dost make possible, things not so held,
 Communicat'st with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
 With what's unreal thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,
 Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
 (And that beyond commission; and I find it,)
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,

Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime

To harder bosoms! [*Aside.*]—Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil

Twenty three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money ¹²?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole!—

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire

Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,

We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be
found,

Be you beneath the sky:—I am angling now,

Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to!

[*Aside. Observing Polixenes, and Hermione.*

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband! Gone already?

Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd
one.—

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

That little thinks she has been sluic'd in his absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men have gates; and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will: Should all despair,

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north and south: Be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly; know it;

It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us

Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.—

[*Exit Mamillius.*]

Camillo, this great air will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—

They're here with me already; whispering, round-
ing¹³.

Sicilia is a so-forth: 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust it last.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's be't: good should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,

It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man, that does not think it,)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought), then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty:) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal,
hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who,—if I

Had servants true about me; that bare eyes
 To see alike mine honour as their profits,
 Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
 Which would undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
 His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form
 Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st see
 Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
 How I am galled, might'st bespice a cup,
 To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
 Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
 I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
 But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
 Maliciously, like poison¹⁴: But I cannot
 Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
 So sovereignly being honourable.
 I have lov'd thee,——

Leon. Make't thy question, and go rot!
 Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
 To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
 Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
 Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
 Give scandal to the blood o'the prince my son,
 Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
 Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
 Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
 I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
 Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness

Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd
me. [Exit.

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must

Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and
dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness

Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?

Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerklike, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents, noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my know-
ledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;

Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my coun-
sel;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as

I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, *lost*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
swears,

As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over 's
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabrick of his folly; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to

Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
 If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
 That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
 Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
 Your followers I will whisper to the business;
 And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
 Clear them o'the city: For myself, I'll put
 My fortunes to your service, which are here
 By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
 For, by the honour of my parents, I
 Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
 I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
 Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
 thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
 I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
 Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
 Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
 My people did expect my hence departure
 Two days ago.—This jealousy
 Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
 Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
 Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion¹⁶! Come, Camillo;

I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard: and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why so, my good lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray
now

What colour are your eye-brows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I have seen a lady's
nose

That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 *Lady.* Hark ye :

The queen, your mother, rounds apace : we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days ; and then you'd wanton with
us,

If we would have you.

1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk : Good time encounter her !

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come, sir,
now

I am for you again : Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be ?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter :
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, sir.
Come on, sit down :—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites ; you're powerful
at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down ; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard ;—I will tell it
softly ;

Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them;
never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them;
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure? in my true opinion?—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:—I have drank, and seen the
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true, that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about
her;
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable*:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use: O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, *she's goodly*, come between,
Ere you can say *she's honest*: But it be known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an aduress.

Her. Should a villain say so,

The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty¹⁷,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns :
 I must be patient, till the heavens look
 With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
 I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
 Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
 Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
 That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
 Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
 With thoughts so qualified as your charities
 Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
 The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? [*To the guards.*]

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'beseech your
 highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
 My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
 [*To her Ladies.*]

There is no cause; when you shall know, your mis-
 tress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
 As I come out; this action ^{is}, I now go on,
 Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
 I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
 I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen
 again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
 Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

2 *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him: Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters: the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this proves true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself¹⁹, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more,
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: I see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal

The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
But only seeing, all other circumstances

Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding :
 Yet, for a greater confirmation,
 (For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
 Most piteous to be wild,) I have dispatch'd in post,
 To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
 Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
 They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
 Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
 Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
 Whose ignorant credulity will not
 Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
 From our free person she should be confin'd;
 Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
 We are to speak in publick: for this business
 Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
 If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him:
 [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then;
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves, [*Exeunt Attend.*

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Keeper.*
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—

These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king ²⁰! beshrew
them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil.

Most worthy madam.

Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently

Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: Please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other
Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
 The cause were not in being;—part o'the cause,
 She, the adultress;—for the harlot king
 Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
 And level of my brain²¹, plot-proof: but she
 I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
 Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
 Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 *Atten.* My lord? [*advancing.*]

Leon. How does the boy?

1 *Atten.* He took good rest to-night;
 'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see,

His nobleness!
 Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
 He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
 Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
 Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
 And down-right languish'd.—Leave me solely: go,
 See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*]—Fie, fie! no thought
 of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
 Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
 And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
 Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
 Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
 Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
 Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true;
Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?—

Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen?

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say,
good queen;

And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you ²².

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

- Paul.* Not so:
 I am as ignorant in that, as you
 In so entitling me: and no less honest
 Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
 As this world goes, to pass for honest.
- Leon.* Traitors!
 Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—
 Thou, dotard, [*To Antigonus,*] thou art woman-
 tir'd ²³, unroosted
 By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
 Take't up, I say: give't to thy crone.
- Paul.* For ever
 Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
 Take'st up the princess, by that forced baseness ²⁴
 Which he has put upon't!
- Leon.* He dreads his wife.
- Paul.* So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past all
 doubt,
 You'd call your children yours.
- Leon.* A nest of traitors!
- Ant.* I am none, by this good light.
- Paul.* Nor I; nor any,
 But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
 The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
 His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
 Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
 (For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
 He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
 The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
 As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—That brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek: his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't²⁵; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
Thou wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul.

I care not:

It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something sa-
vours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon.

On your allegiance,

Out of the chamber with her. Were I tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send
her

A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands!—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. *[Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands

Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you; and 'beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

[*To Antigonus.*

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you adventure

To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;

I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the
fail

Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit, with the child.*]

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 Atten. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street in some Town.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle²⁶; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report.
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,

(*Methinks, I so should term them,*) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh
horses;—

And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce,)

Even pushes against our heart: The party tried,
 The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
 Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
 Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
 Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
 Even to the guilt, or the purgation²⁷.——
 Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
 Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and
 Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,
 king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned
 of high treason, in committing adultery with Po-
 lixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Ca-
 millo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the
 king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being
 by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione,
 contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true sub-
 ject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better
 safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
 Which contradicts my accusation; and
 The testimony on my part, no other
 But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
 To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
 Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
 Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine

Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
 I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
 False accusation blush, and tyranny
 Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
 (Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
 Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
 As I am now unhappy; which is more
 Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
 And play'd to take spectators: For behold me,—
 A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
 A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
 The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
 To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so; since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd, to appear thus²⁸: if one jot beyond
 The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
 That way inclining: harden'd be the hearts
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
 Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
 That any of these bolder vices wanted
 Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
 Than to perform it first²⁹.

Her. That's true enough :

Though, 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded;
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams³⁰,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,

And I but dream'd it:— As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails:
For as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice: in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; With immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion;—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No! life,
I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd

Upon surmises ; all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake ; I tell you,
 'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle ;
 Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request
 Is altogether just : therefore, bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father :
 O, that he were alive, and here beholding
 His daughter's trial ! that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery : yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge !

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of
 justice,
 That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
 Been both at Delphos ; and from thence have brought
 This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
 Of great Apollo's priest ; and that, since then
 You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
 Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*reads.*] *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten : and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed³¹, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*] How
now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look
down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*]
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

New woo my queen: recall the good Camillo,
 Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
 For, being transported by my jealousies
 To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
 Camillo for the minister, to poison
 My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
 But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
 My swift command, though I with death, and with
 Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
 Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
 And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
 Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
 Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
 Of all incertainties himself commended,
 No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
 Thorough my rust! and how his piety
 Does my deeds make the blacker ¹²!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
 O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
 Break too!

¹ *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
 What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
 In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
 Must I receive; whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
 Together working with thy jealousies;—
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle.

For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
 And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
 That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
 And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
 Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
 To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter
 To be or none, or little; though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't³³:
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleft the heart
 That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
 When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance
 for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

¹ *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word,
 nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
 Do not repent these things; for they are heavier

Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
 To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
 Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 Lord. Say no more;
 Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
 I'the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't³⁴;
 All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
 I do repent: Alas, I have show'd too much
 The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
 To the noble heart,—What's gone, and what's past
 help,

Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
 At my petition, I beseech you; rather
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, my good liege,
 Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
 The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
 And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
 When most the truth; which I receive much better

Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert Country near the sea.

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Child; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then³³, our ship hath touch'd
upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my Lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far in the land; 'tis like to be loud weather;

Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away;
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'the business. [*Erit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like awaking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee; call't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought*

This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the Child.]

There lie; and there thy character: there these;

[Laying down a bundle.]

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to
have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour³⁶!—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chace;
I am gone for ever. *[Exit, pursued by a bear.]*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and
three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the
rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting
wenches with child, wronging the ancients, steal-

ing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing on ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up, for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clown. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor

souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man ³⁷!

Clown. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

[*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child ³⁸! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see;—It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changling ³⁹:—open't: What's within, boy?

Clown. You're a made old man⁴⁰: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I—that please some, try all; both joy, and
terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,

To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years ⁴¹, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap ⁴²; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make
stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's
daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time: Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. *[Exit.]*

SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years⁴³, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king,

my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted⁴⁴, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. *A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With heigh! the dory over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;

*For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale*⁴⁵.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants.—

With hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—

*Are summer songs for me and my aunts*⁴⁶,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore
three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

*If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffick is sheets⁴⁷; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus⁴⁸; who, being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die and drab⁴⁹, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat⁵⁰; Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes' the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clown. I cannot do't without counters —Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice* —What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all⁵¹, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden pies⁵²; *mace*,—*dates*,—none;

that's out of my note: *nutmegs, seven; a race, or two, of ginger*;—but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'the sun.*

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clown. I'the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags: and then, death, death!

Clown. Alack, poor soul; thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clown. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clown. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder blade is out.

Clown. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames⁵³: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would say; there is no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion of the prodigal son⁵⁴, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohe-

mia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue^{ss}!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,

Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly
maid,

Most goddesslike prank'd up: But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass⁵⁶.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread: your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up⁵⁷? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter

Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this
purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are com-
ing:

Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!



SHAKSPEARE



WINTER'S TALE.

Reverend Sirs
For you there's ransomy, and we there keep
Leaving, and save over, all the winter long.
Act IV. Sc. 3.

Printed by E. Stoddard, R.A.

Engraved by J. Kneller

London: Published by Geo. Bickers, Sept. 17, 1853.

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir! [*To Pol.*
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostessship o'the day:—You're welcome, sir!

[*To Camillo.*
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend
sirs,

For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:

Grace, and remembrance^{ss}, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only there-
fore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and

The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or, if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers:

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clown. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clown. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners.—

Come, strike up. [Musick.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,

As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at
the door, you would never dance again after a tabor
and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he
sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he
utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's
ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better: he shall
come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be
doleful matter, merrily set down; or a very pleasant
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves:
he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without
bawdry; which is strange; with such delicate bur-
dens of *dildo's* and *fadings*; *jump her and thump*
her; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would,
as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into
the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop,*
do me no harm, good man; puts him off, slights him,
with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods or goddesses; you would think, a smock were a she angel, he so chants to the sleeve-band, and the work about the square on't.

Clown. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clown. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelets, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel⁵⁹,
What maids lack from head to heel:*

*Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy, &c.*

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me: but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should wear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves⁶⁰.

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad, against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;

Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be:

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clown. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*
Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware a.
[*Exeunt Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and*
Mopsa.]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Servant, with twelve rusticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

It is not too far gone?—"Tis time to part them.—
He's simple, and tells much. *[Aside]*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your lass
Interpretation should abuse; call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. *Old sir, I know*
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it;

Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and know-
ledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
And friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make

Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptials of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-ridden? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reason, my son,
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity,) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee let him.

Flo. No, he must not:

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to
grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—

Mark our contráct.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir.

[*Discovering himself.*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,
and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never

I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
 Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
 Far than Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;
 Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
 Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
 From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
 Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
 Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
 These rural latches to his entrance open,
 Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
 As thou art tender to't.

[Exit.

Per.

Even here undone!

I was not much afeard⁶¹: for once or twice,
 I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
 The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on alike.—Wilt please you, sir, be gone?

[To Florizel.

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
 Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
 But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam.

Why, how now, father?

Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep.

I cannot speak nor think,
 Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[To Florizel.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,

That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed wretch!

[*To Perdita.*

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire.

[*Exit.*

Flo.

Why do you look so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:

More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam.

Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,

You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:

Then, till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.

Flo.

I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo.

Cam.

Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?

How often said, my dignity would last

But till 'twere known?

Flo.

It cannot fail, but by

The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient. I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; Let myself, and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.— [Takes her aside.
I'll hear you by and by. [To Camillo.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [Going.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may

Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'the father's person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,

Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down,
The which shall point you forth, at every sitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain, as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?

There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instruction; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicin of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play, were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aside.*]

Enter AUTOLYCHUS.

Ant. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust,
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have
sold all my trumpery⁶²; not a counterfeit stone, not
a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, bal-

lad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn, ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a hubbub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita, come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king
Leontes,—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?—
[*Seeing Autylochus.*]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hanging. *[Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough. *[Aside.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.— *[Aside.*

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[Flo. and Autol. exchange garments.

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy

Come home to you—you must retire yourself

Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,

And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;

Dismantle you; and, as you can, disliken

The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*]

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king
[*Aside.*]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia: for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is ne-
cessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also,
to smell out work for other senses. I see, this is the
time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an ex-

change had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't; I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest

off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies! *[Aside.*

Shép. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clown. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement⁶³.—*[Takes off his false beard.]* How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

Shép. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy; Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie⁶⁴.

Clown. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shép. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the

court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clown. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims⁶³, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a south-

ward eye upon him: where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold: and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned, and flay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know,

'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things, that
would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance,
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't.

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,

Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

[*To Leontes.*]

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—

Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them.
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) soul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?*

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, very stars,

And all eyes else, dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave!

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye ⁶⁷.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I
think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly cbb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is such a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is

The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
[*Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentleman.*]
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
(Jewel of children,) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA,
and Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly,) the society,

Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, a friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath something
seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so,) more than all the scepters,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly,) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the vallies first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty⁶⁸,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such
gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in those looks I made.—But your petition
[To Florizel.

Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand

I now go towards him; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make; Come, my good lord.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more:
The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such

manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much,) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O,

the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed; if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Her-

mione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd, and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossom of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children;

but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, sir : You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born : See you these clothes ? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born : you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie ; do ; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have :—but I was a gentleman born before my father : for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother ; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother ; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father ; and so we wept : and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay ; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son do ; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life ?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it⁶⁹, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how' thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Paulina's House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign, sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your con-
tracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis well.

[*Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*]
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,

As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty: which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience;
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,

But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is
mine,)
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your
fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match

The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you:
but

I could afflict you further.

Leon.

Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet

As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,

There is an air comes from her: What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul.

Good my lord, forbear:

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;

You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own

With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per.

So long could I

Stand by, a looker on.

Paul.

Either forbear,

Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you

For more amazement: If you can behold it,

I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,

And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,

(Which I protest against,) I am assisted

By wicked powers.

Leon.

What you can make her do,

I am content to look on: what to speak,

I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy

To make her speak, as move.

Paul.

It is requir'd,

You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;

Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;

No foot shall stir.

Paul. Musick; awake her: strike.—

[*Musick.*

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:

[*Hermione comes down from the pedestal.*

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm! [*Embracing her.*

If this be magick, let it be an art

Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—

Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good
lady;

Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how
found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd my-
self,

To see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all⁷⁰; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine;

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead: and have, in vain, said many

A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted; and here justify'd
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion,—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*]

ANNOTATIONS

UPON

THE WINTER'S TALE.

¹ *Wherein our entertainment, &c.*] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us.

JOHNSON.

² ——— *royally attornied,*] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c.

JOHNSON.

³ That may blow *no sneaping winds.*] *That may blow* is a Gallicism, for *May there blow*.

⁴ ——— *behind the gest.*] In the time of *royal progresses* the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the heralds office, were called his *gests*; from the old French word *giste*, *diversorium*.

WARBURTON.

⁵ ——— *th' imposition clear'd,*

Hereditary ours.] i. e. setting aside *original sin*; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to heaven.

WARBURTON.

⁶ *With spur we heat an acre.*] We *heat* an acre, is as if he said *run* an acre. In horse-racing the

term is in constant use. A *heat* of four miles, is a *race* of four miles, and to run a *heat*, is to run a *race*.

⁷ *And clap thyself my love;*] Mr. Steevens has adopted *clap* from some old copy, but I prefer the ordinary reading of *clepe*, that is, *call* or *denominate* thyself my love.

⁸ *We must be neat;*] Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutched, cries, *we must be neat*, then recollecting that *neat* is the term for *horned* cattle, he says, *not neat, but cleanly*.
JOHNSON.

⁹ — *Still virginalling—*] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*.

JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord.
STEEVENS.

¹⁰ *As o'er-dy'd blacks,—*] Sir T. Hanmer understands, blacks dyed too much, and therefore rotten.

JOHNSON.

It is common with tradesmen to dye their faded or damaged stuffs, black. *O'er-dy'd blacks* may mean those which have received a dye over their former colour.

¹¹ *Welkin-eye,*] i. e. blue-eye.

¹² *Will you take eggs for money?*] The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendex vous coquilles?*

i. e. whom do you design to affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. Mam. *No, my lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

I meet with Shakspeare's expression in a comedy, call'd *A match at Midnight*, 1633.—“ I shall have eggs for my money; I must hang myself.”

STEEVENS.

¹³ —*whispering*, rounding:] *To round in the ear*, is to *whisper*, or to *tell secretly*. The expression is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* JOHNSON.

¹⁴ *But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work,*
Maliciously, *like poison.*] The thought is here beautifully expressed. He could do it with a dram that should have none of those visible effects that detect the poisoner. These effects he finely calls the malicious workings of poison, as if done with design to *betray* the user. But the Oxford editor would mend Shakspeare's expression, and reads,

———*that should not work*

Like a malicious poison:———

So that Camillo's reason is lost in this happy emendation.

WARBURTON.

¹⁵ *Swear his thought over*

By each particular star in heaven, &c.] The transposition of a single letter reconciles this passage to good sense; Polixenes, in the preceding speech, had been laying the deepest imprecations on himself, if he had ever abus'd Leontes in any familiarity with his queen. To which Camillo very pertinently replies:

—*Swear this though over, &c.* THEOBALD.

Swear his thought over

May however perhaps mean, *overswear his present persuasion*, that is, endeavour to overcome his opinion, by swearing oaths numerous as the stars.

JOHNSON.

¹⁶ *Fear o'ershades me:—*

—*but nothing*

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion.] Jealousy is a passion compounded of love and suspicion, this passion is the *theme* or subject of the king's thoughts.—Polixenes, perhaps, wishes the queen, for her comfort, so much of that *theme* or subject as is good, but deprecates that which causes misery. May part of the king's present sentiments comfort the queen, but away with his suspicion. This is such meaning as can be picked out.

JOHNSON.

¹⁷ *He who shall speak for her is far off guilty,*

But that he speaks.] This cannot be the speaker's meaning. Leontes would say, I shall hold the person, *in a great measure* guilty, who shall dare to intercede for her: and this, I believe, Shakespeare ventured to express thus:

He, who shall speak for her, is far of guilty, &c.

i. e. partakes far, deeply, of her guilt. THEOBALD.

It is strange that Mr. Theobald could not find out that *far off guilty*, signifies, *guilty in a remote degree*.

¹⁸ —*this action*—] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's sense, for *indictment, charge, or accusation*.

JOHNSON.

¹⁹ *I had rather glib myself.] To lib, and sometimes to glib, is to geld, in the dialect of the north.*

²⁰ —lunes o'the king!] I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue, to signify, *frenzy, lunacy*. But it is a mode of expression with the French.—*Il y a de la lune*: (i. e. He has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. *Lune. folie. Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tete.* Richelet.

THEOBALD.

²¹ —out of the blank

And level of my brain;] Beyond the aim of any attempt that I can make against him. *Blank* and *level* are terms of archery.

JOHNSON.

²² —the worst about you.] The *worst* in this place means the *least* in consequence, the *lowest*.

²³ *thou art woman-tir'd;]* *Woman-tir'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakspeare.—So in *The Widow's Tears* by Chapman, 1612:

“He has given me a bone to *tire* on.” STEEVENS.

²⁴ *Unvenerable by thy hands, if thou*

Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness.] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the bastard*, Paulina forbids him to touch the princess under that appellation. *Forced* is *false*, uttered with violence to truth.

JOHNSON.

²⁵ *No yellow in't.] Yellow* is the colour of jealousy.

²⁶ *Fertile the isle,—]* But the temple of Apollo at

Delphi was not in an island, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakspeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an island of the Cyclades.

WARBURTON.

²⁷ *Even to the guilt, or the purgation.*] Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *even* is not to be understood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, signifying *equal* or *indifferent*.

STEEVENS.

²⁸ *Have strain'd to appear thus?*] The sense seems to be this,—*What sudden slip have I made, that I should catch a wrench in my character?*

———*a noble nature*

May catch a wrench. Timon.

Mrs. Ford talks of—*some strain in her character*, and in B. and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, the same expression occurs:

———“*strain your loves*

“*With any base, or hir'd persuasions.*”

STEEVENS.

²⁹ —*I ne'er heard yet,*

That any of those bolder vices wanted

Less impudence to gainsay what they did,

Than to perform it first.] It is apparent that

according to the proper, at least, according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*. But Shakspeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but as the change

was made in opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion.

JOHNSON.

³⁰ *My life stands in the level of your dreams,*] To be in the level is by a metaphor from archery to be within the reach.

JOHNSON.

³¹ —*the queen's speed,*] Of the event of the queen's trial: so we still say, he sped well or ill.

JOHNSON.

³² *Does my deeds make the blacker* ¶ This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt.

JOHNSON.

³³ —*tho' a devil*

Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:] i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damn'd ere he would have committed such an action.

STEEVENS.

³⁴ *I am sorry for't:*] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds.

JOHNSON.

³⁵ *Thou art perfect then,*] *Perfect* is often used by Shakspeare for *certain, well assured, or well informed.*

JOHNSON.

³⁶ —*A savage clamour* ¶ This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace, or, the animal pursued.*

JOHNSON.

³⁷ —*to have help'd the old man.*] Though all

the printed copies concur in this reading, I am persuaded, we ought to restore, *nobleman*. The Shepherd knew nothing of Antigonus's age; besides, the Clown had just told his father, that he said, his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman*, and no less than three times in this short scene, the Clown, speaking of him, calls him the *gentleman*. THEOBALD.

I suppose the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself. STEEVENS.

³⁸ —a *bearing-cloth*—] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

³⁹ —*changeling*—] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen. So Spenser, B. 1. c. 10.

“And her base Elfin brood there for thee left

“Such, men do *changelings* call, so call'd by fairy theft.” STEEVENS.

⁴⁰ *You are a made old man*;] In former copies, —*You're a mad old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!* —This the clown says upon his opening his fardel, and discovering the wealth in it. But this is no reason why he should call his father a *mad old man*. I have ventur'd to correct in the text—*You're a made old man*: i. e. your fortune's made by this adventitious treasure. So our poet, in a number of other passages. THEOBALD.

⁴¹ *O'er sixteen years*,] This trespass, in respect of

dramatic unity, will appear venial to those who have read the once-famous *Lilly's Endymion*, or (as he himself calls it in the prologue) his *Man in the Moon*. This author was applauded and very liberally paid by queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the space of forty years; Endymion lying down to sleep at the end of the second, and waking in the first scene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconscionable length. Lilly has likewise been guilty of much greater absurdities than ever Shakspeare committed; for he supposes that Endymion's hair, features, and person, were changed by age during that sleep, while all the other personages of the drama remained without alteration. STEEVENS.

* —leave the growth untried, &c.] The growth of what? The reading is nonsense. Shakspeare wrote,

—and leave the GULF untry'd,

i. e. unwaded through. By this means, too, the uniformity of the metaphor is restored. All the terms of the sentence, relating to a gulf; as *swift passage*, —*slide over*—*untry'd*—*wide gap*. WARBURTON.

This emendation is plausible, but the common reading is consistent enough with our author's manner, who attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular; but he means; *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the *gap* of the story between Perdita's birth and her sixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried*, is to leave the passages of the inter-

mediate years unnoted and unexamined. Untried is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

⁴³ *It is fifteen years,]* We should read—*sixteen. Time has just said,*

———*that I slide*

O'er sixteen years———

STEVENS.

⁴⁴ *I have, missingly, noted,]* We should read, *but I have, MISSING HIM, noted.* This accounts for the reason of his taking note, because he often missed him, that is, wanted his agreeable company. For a compliment is intended; and, in that sense, it is to be understood. The Oxford editor reads, *musingly noted.*

WARBURTON.

⁴⁵ *For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.]* I think this nonsense should be read thus,

Why, then COME in the sweet o'th' year;

'FORE the red blood REINS-in the winter pale.

i. e. why then come in, or let us enjoy, pleasure, while the season serves, before *pale winter reins-in the red or youthful blood*; as much as to say, let us enjoy life in youth, before old age comes and freezes up the blood,

WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby reads, perhaps rightly, certainly with much more probability, and easiness of construction;

For the red blood runs in the winter pale.

That is, *for the red blood runs pale in the winter.*

Sir T. Hanmer reads,

For the red blood reigns o'er the winter's pale.

JOHNSON.

⁴⁶ —aunts, —] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*. In Middleton's Comedy, called *A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being used in that sense: — "It was better bestow'd upon his uncle
" than one of his *aunts*, I need not say *bawd*; for
" every one knows what *aunt* stands for in the last
" translation."

STEEVENS.

⁴⁷ *My traffick is sheets, &c.*] i. e. I steal *sheets* and large pieces of linen, the kite can get only the small ones to line her nest with.

⁴⁸ *My father nam'd me Autolycus.*] Mr. Theobald says, the allusion is unquestionably to Ovid. He is mistaken. Not only the allusion, but the whole speech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from his discourse on judicial astrology, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner; and 'tis only on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolycus was a thief.

WARBURTON.

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was translated long before the time of Shakespeare. I have seen it, but it had no date.

STEEVENS.

⁴⁹ *With die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison.*]

i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this shabby dress.

PERCY.

⁵⁰ —*my revenue is the silly cheat.*] *Silly* signified formerly *simple*—the meaning is, I content myself with petty theft; resistance and the gallows deter me from highway robbery.

Silly is used by the writers of our author's time, for simple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the speech consists. I don't aspire to arduous and high things, as bridewell or the gallows; I am content with this humble and low way of life, as a *snapper-up of unconsidered trifles*. But the Oxford editor, who, by his emendations, seems to have declared war against all Shakspeare's humour, alters it to, *the sly cheat*.

WARBURTON.

The *silly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *coneycatching* or *thievery* which Greene has mentioned among the rest, in his treatise on that ancient and honourable science. I think it means *picking pockets*.

STEEVENS.

⁵¹ *three-man-song-men all,*] i. e. singers of catches in three parts. A *six-man-song* occurs in the *Tournament of Tottenham*. See *The Rel. of Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 24.

PERCY.

⁵² —*warden-pies*—] Wardens are a species of large pears. I believe the name is disused at present.

STEEVENS.

⁵³ —*trol-my-dames:*] *Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes.

WARBURTON.

⁵⁴ —*a motion of the prodigal son,*] i. e. the puppet.

skew, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author.

WARBURTON.

⁵⁵ —*let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!*] Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the shew of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled if he does not so and so.

WARBURTON.

⁵⁶ —*sworn, I think,*

To shew myself a glass:] i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glass, you shew me how much below yourself you must descend before you can get upon a level with me. The sentiment is fine, and expresses all the delicacy, as well as humble modesty of the character.

WARBURTON.

⁵⁷ —*to see his work, so noble,*

Vilely bound up?] It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakspeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor.

JOHNSON.

Johnson is right; it is well for all his commentators that Shakspeare could not foresee our notes.

⁵⁸ *Grace, and remembrance,]* *Rue* was called *herb of grace*. *Rosemary* was the emblem of remem-

brance; I know not why, unless because it was carried at funerals.

⁵⁹ ———*poking-sticks of steel,*] The *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. In *Marston's Malecontent*, 1604, is the following instance.——“ There is such a deale of “ pinning, these ruffes, when the fine clean fall is “ worth them all:” and, again, “ if you should “ chance to take a nap in an afternoon, your falling “ band requires no *poking-stick* to recover his form! “ &c.”

So in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602,

“ Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest “ they scorch your hands.”

Poking-sticks are mentioned likewise in the *Monsieur Thomas* of B. and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

⁶⁰ —a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.] *Tawdry lace* is thus described in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. Henshawe. “ *Tawdrie lace*, astrigmenta, “ timbriæ, seu fasciolæ, emtæ, Nundinis Sæ. Ethel: “ dredæ celebratis: Ut recte monet Doc. Thomas “ Henshawe.” Etymol. in voce. We find it in *Spenser's Pastorals*, April,

“ And gird in your waste,

“ For more finesse, with a *tawdrie lace*.”

As to the other present, promised by Camillo to Mopsa, of sweet, or perfumed gloves, they are frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and were very

fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sale,

Gloves as sweet as damask roses.

Stowe's Continuator, Edmond Howes, informs us, that the English could not "make any costly wash" or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth "of the queene [Elizabeth], the right honourable" Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and "brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant thinges: and that" yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* "trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of cul-lered silke. The queene tooke such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands: and for many years after it "was called the *erle of Oxfordes perfume*." *Stowe's Annals* by Howes, edit. 1614. p. 868. col. 2. In the annual accounts of a college in Oxford, anno 1630, is this article, *solut. pro fumigandis chirotheis*.

WARTON.

⁶¹ *I was not much afeard:]* The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself, had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education.

WARBURTON.

⁶² *I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander,—]* A po-

mander was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. In a tract, intitled, *Certain necessary Directions, as well for curing the Plague, as for preventing Infection*, printed 1686, there are directions for making two sorts of *pomanders*, one for the rich, and another for the poor. DR. GRAY.

⁶³ —my pedlar's excrement.] *Excrement* is beard.

⁶⁴ —therefore they do not give us the lie.] *Dele* the negative: the sense requires it. The joke is this, they have a profit in lying to us, by advancing the price of their commodities; therefore they do lie.

WARBURTON.

The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie, they *sell* it us.

JOHNSON.

⁶⁵ —the hottest day prognostication proclaims,] That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanack.

JOHNSON.

⁶⁶ —from the all that are, took something good,] This is a favourite thought; it was bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind before.

JOHNSON.

⁶⁶ Affront his eye.] To *affront* is to meet quasi, *adfront*, to oppose the front to.

⁶⁸ —not so rich in worth—] *Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The king means that he is sorry the prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty.

JOHNSON.

⁶⁹ —*franklins*—] *Franklin* is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*.

JOHNSON.

⁷⁰ *You precious winners all*:] You who by this discovery have *gained* what you desired may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part.

JOHNSON.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. V.

X

R E M A R K S
ON THE
PLOT, THE FABLE, AND CONSTRUCTION
OF THE
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SHAKSPEARE certainly took the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. in 1595. The translator's argument is this.

- " Two twinne-born sonnes, a Sicill marchant had,
- " Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other;
- " The first his father lost a little lad,
- " The grandsire namde the latter like his brother:
- " This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
- " His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
- " Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
- " That citizens there take him for the same:
- " Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
- " Much pleasant error, ere they meete together."

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspeare the title for his piece.

In this play we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how it will conclude. Yet the poet seems unwilling to part with his subject, even in the last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till they have lost the power of affording any entertainment at all.

STEVENS.

VOL. V.

Y

Persons Represented.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and sons*
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } *to Ægeon and Æmi-*
 } *lia, but unknown to*
 } *each other.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Attend-*
DROMIO of Syracuse, } *ants on the two Antipholus's.*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, *Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*

PINCH, *a Schoolmaster, and a Conjuror.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her Sister.*

LUGE, *her Servant.*

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Ephesus.*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officer, and other Attendants.

Æge. PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:

Nay, more,
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are
done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature¹, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnium, till my factor's death;
And he, great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:

From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,

Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,

So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their ship-wreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest
for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,

Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia²,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have
mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit Dro. S.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain³, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,

And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content,

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date,—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;

The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray;

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—six-pence, that I had o'Wednesday last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;—

The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?

We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust

So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:

I from my mistress come to you in post;

If I return, I shall be post indeed;

For she will score your fault upon my pate.

Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them for a merrier hour than this:

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the
mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sponce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave,
hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
Phoenix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my
face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake hold
your hands;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Exit Dromio. E.*]

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught⁴ of all my money.

They say, this town is full of cozenage⁵;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body⁶;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A public Place.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They'll go, or come: If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe⁷.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, did'st thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them?

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I: *My gold*, quoth he:

Will you come home? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; *My gold*, quoth he:

My mistress, sir, quoth I; Hang up thy mistress;

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me¹⁰,
That like a football do you spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowereth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
 What ruins are in me, that can be found
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures: My decayed fair
 A sunny look of his would soon repair:
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
 And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-arming jealousy!—fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;
 Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
 Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
 Would that alone alone he would detain,
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
 I see, the jewel best enamelled,
 Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still
 That others touch, yet often touching will
 Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,
 But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! }

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a
word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour
since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the
teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and
that. *[beating him.]*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest
is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours¹¹.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave
battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use
the blows long, I must get a sconce for my head,
and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in
my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say,
every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then,
wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out
of season?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither
rhyme nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Dro. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you
gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; There's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that it bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair¹².

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow
That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch'd well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, sec, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust¹³:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonour'd¹⁴.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you
not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd
with you:

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner,

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee: and this thou didst return from
him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-
woman?

What is the course and drift of your compáct?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt¹³,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.



Drawn by J. Thurston

Engraved by C. Murray

London, Published by Geo. Kearsley, Jan. 2. 1802

This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites¹⁶;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st
not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my
shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for
grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner: Dromio, keep the gate.—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you¹⁷ of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister:—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

I'll say as they say, and perséver so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your
pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus,
ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse
us all;

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet¹⁸,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by
this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what
I know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to
show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave
were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that
pass,

You would keep from my heels, and beware of an
ass¹⁹.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray God,
our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome
here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your wel-
come dear.

Ant. E. O signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl
affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's
nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a
merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more spar-
ing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good
part;

·Better cheer may you have, but not with better
heart.

But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen'!

Dro. S. [*within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or
thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*within.*] What a coil is there? Dromio,
who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my
staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When?
can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou
hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us
in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you say, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was
blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ake.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the
door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in
the town?

Adr. [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together ²⁰.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so;

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this.—Your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:

And, about evening, come yourself alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hands you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made on it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession!
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quick,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle;—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,)
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me,

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter LUCIANA, and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more
kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit²¹, that you love us;

Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain ²²,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show
not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason
so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated²³; how, I do not
know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, be-
ing by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear
your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on
night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim²⁴.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[*Exit Luc.*

*Enter, from the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,
DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sirreverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to,

but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters²⁵, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair²⁶.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armada's of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith²⁷, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here's the chain:
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine²⁸;
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I shall do with
this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it
for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you
have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.

[*Erit.*

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell;
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! *[Exit Dromio.]*

Ant. E. A man is well help up, that trusts to you:
I-promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,

And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear't with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath;

Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance;
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much
to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in th' duke's name, to
obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays, but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why thou peevish
sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to listen with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats: let her send it;

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[Exeunt Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.]

Dro. S. To Adriana; that is where he din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my
spite.
Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he
were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might
move.
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.
Adr. Did'st speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
 My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.
 He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere²⁹,
 Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where;
 Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
 Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
 No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
 And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:
 Far from her nest the lapwing cries away³⁰;
 My heart prays for him, though my tongue do
 curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now,
 make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in tartar limbo, worse than hell:
 A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
 One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
 A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
 A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that coun-
 termands
 The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
 A hound that runs counter³¹, and yet draws dry-foot
 well:

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in the desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit Luciana.*

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band³²?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing; A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, If any hour meet a sergeant, a'turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the
way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

*Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it
straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Maaster, here's the gold you sent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd³³?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No; why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike³⁴.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest*.

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night? and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry

for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Court. Well met, well met, master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now;
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam;
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench;
and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry,
sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me
of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at
dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;

And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's
nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone: but she, more covetous,

Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; and if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let
us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress,
that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. and Dro.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promis'd me a chain!

Both one, and other, he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,

(Besides this present instance of his rage,)

Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,

Of his own doors being shut against his entrance,

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day:
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them
all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.
[beating him.

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with
PINCH, and Others.*

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming
yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end^{ss};
or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the
rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*beats him.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband
mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your
pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this
man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not
mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion you, are these your cus-
tomers?

Did this companion with a saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal³⁶ scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did;—my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you
might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of
ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in
both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

[*Pinch and his Assistants bind Ant. and Dromio.*]

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come
near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go;
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou
mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[*Exeunt Pinch and Assistants with Ant. and Dro.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:—

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier
drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call
more help,

To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer, Adr. and Luc.*]

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran
from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from
thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will

surely do us no harm ; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town ; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you ; But, I protest, he had the chain of me, Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city ?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir, Of credit infinite, highly belov'd, Second to none that lives here in the city ; His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so ; and that self chain about his neck, Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have. Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him. Signior Antipholus, I wonder much That you would put me to this shame and trouble ; And not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
 This chain, which now you wear so openly :
 Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
 You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
 Who, but for staying on our controversy,
 Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day :
 This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:

Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
 To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
 I'll prove mine honour, and mine honesty
 Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and Others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is
 mad;—

Some get within him, take his sword away :
 Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take
 a house.

This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt Antiph. and Dromio to the Priory.*]

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people: Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at
sea?

Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad;
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair³⁷;)
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast;
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.

[*Exit Abbess.*]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his
death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter Duke attended; ÆGEON bare-headed; with
the Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbas!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my
husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters ³⁸,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself³⁹,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my
wars;

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;

And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard
with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me
justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,

To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,

Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain.
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead-man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech

To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with
him;

That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Por-
cupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that
ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess
hither;

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a
word;

Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know
me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw
me last;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure, thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him,

Æge. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err,)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,

Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan,
and DROMIO Syracusan.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wrong'd. *[All gather to see him.]*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him
here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That had'st a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;

I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right;
These two Antipholus's, these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious
lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town with that most fa-
mous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from
you,

And Dromio my man did bring them me:

I see, we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my
good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathized one day's error

Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,

And we shall make full satisfaction.—

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail ⁴⁰

Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour,

My heavy burdens are delivered:—

The duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you, the calendars of their nativity,

Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me ⁴¹;

After so long grief, such nativity ⁴²!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtizan,*
Merchant, Angelo, and Attendants.]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Antipholus S. and E. Adr. and Luc.*]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
[*Exeunt.*]



ANNOTATIONS

UPON

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

¹ *Was wrought by nature,*] i. e. by *natural affection*.

² *Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia.*
Clean had anciently the sense of *quite* or *entirely*.

³ *A trusty villain—*] *Villain* means here *slave*.
Ægeon informed the duke in the first scene that he had *bought* the poor woman's twin-children to grow up as attendants on his boys.

⁴ *—o'er-raught—*] i. e. *over-reached, defrauded*.

⁵ *They say this town is full of cozenage.*] This was the character the ancients gave of it. Hence Εἴσοια ἀλεξίφαρμακα was proverbial amongst them. Thus Menander uses it, and Εἴσοια γράμματα, in the same sense.

WARBURTON.

⁶ *As nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body—*

Those, who attentively consider these three lines, must confess, that the poet intended the epithet given to each of these miscreants, should declare the power

by which they perform their feats, and which would therefore be a just characteristic of each of them. Thus, by *nimble* jugglers, we are taught, that they perform their tricks by *slight of hand*: and by *soul-killing* witches, we are informed, the mischief they do is by the assistance of the devil, to whom they have given their souls: but then, by *dark-working* sorcerers, we are not instructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Besides, this epithet agrees as well to witches as to them; and therefore certainly our author could not design this in their characteristick. We should read,

Drug-working *sorcerers, that change the mind*;
and we know by the history of ancient and modern superstition, that these kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by these applications.

WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earnestness to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of other apprehensions by my own, without great success. This interpretation of *soul-killing* is forced and harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *soul-selling*, agreeable enough to the common opinion, but without such improvement as may justify the change. Perhaps the epithets have only been misplaced, and the lines should be read thus,

Soul-killing *sorcerers, that change the mind*;

Dark-working *witches that deform the body*.

This change seems to remove all difficulties.

By *soul-killing* I understand destroying the rational

faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts.

JOHNSON.

Witches or sorcerers themselves, as well as those who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense, they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own. I believe Dr. Johnson has done as much as was necessary to remove all difficulty from the passage.

STEEVENS.

⁷ —*is lash'd with woe.*] Should it not rather be *leash'd*, i. e. coupled like a head-strong hound?

The high opinion I must necessarily entertain of the learned Lady's judgment, who furnished this observation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.

The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle* must bear the *lash*, and that woe is the punishment of headstrong liberty. It may be observed, however, that the seamen still use *lash* in the same sense with *leash*. *Lace* was the old English word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. When the mariner *lashes* his guns, the sportsman *leashes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform the same act of fastening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the same original is the word *windlass*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel.

STEEVENS.

* —*fool-begg'd* —] She seems to mean by *fool-begg'd*

patience, that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianship of your fortune. JOHNSON.

⁹ —*that I could scarce understand them,*] i. e. that I could scarce stand under them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been the favourite of Shakespeare. It has been already introduced in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

“ —my staff *understands* me.” STEEVENS.

¹⁰ *Am I so round with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech* or *action*, spoken of his mistress. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her son.

JOHNSON.

¹¹ —*make a common of my serious hours,*] i. e. intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to these tracts of ground destined to the general use, which are thence called *commons*. STEEVENS.

¹² *Not a man of these but hath the wit to lose his hair.*] That is, *Those who have more hair than wit*, are easily entrapped by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness, one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair. JOHNSON.

¹³ —*the crime of lust—*] Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, shew that we should read,

———*with the GRIME of lust:*

i. e. the *stain*, smut. So again in this play,—*A man may go over shoes in the GRIME of it.* WARBURTON.

¹⁴ *I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.*] To *distaine* (from the French word, *destaindre*) signifies, to *stain*, *defile*, *pollute*. But the context requires a sense quite opposite. We must either read, *unstain'd*; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the preposition a *privative* force, read *dis-stain'd*; and then it will mean *unstain'd, undefiled.* THEOBALD.

I would read,

I live distained, thou dishonoured.

That is, As long as thou continuest to dishonour thyself, I also live distained.

HEATH.

¹⁵ ——— *you are from me exempt.*] *Exempt*, separated, parted. The sense is, *If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.*

JOHNSON.

¹⁶ *We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights;*] Here Mr. Theobald calls out *in the name of Nonsense*, the first time he had *formally* invoked her, to tell him how *owls* could *suck their breath*, and *pinch them black and blue*. He therefore alters *owls* to *ouphs*, and dares say, that his readers will acquiesce in the justness of his emendation. But, for all this, we must not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular superstition, that the scretch owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children, *strega*, from

strix, the *scretch-owl*. This superstition they had derived from their pagan ancestors, as appears from this passage of Ovid,

*Sunt avidæ volucres; non quæ Phineia mensis
Guttura fraudabant: sed genus inde trahunt.
Grande caput: stantes oculi: rostra apta rapinæ:
Canities pennis, unguibus hamus inest.
Noctevolant, PUEROSQUE PETUNT nutricis egentes;
Et vitiant CUNIS corpora rapta suis.
Carpere dicuntur luctantia viscera rostris;
Et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent.
Est illis strigibus nomen:—— Lib. 6. Fast.*

WARBURTON.

¹⁷ *And shrive you——*] i. e. I will call you to confession, and make you tell your tricks.

JOHNSON.

¹⁸ *——carcanet,——*] seems to have been a necklace or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So Lovelace in his poem,

The empress spreads her carcanets. JOHNSON.

Quarquan, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiselles. *Le grand Dict. de N. cod.*

STEEVENS.

¹⁹ *—Marry, so it doth appear——&c.]* He first says, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *ass*; but immediately, with a correction of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly observed in conversation, he observes that, if he had been an *ass*, he should, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again.

JOHNSON.

²⁰ *If a crow help up us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.]* We find the same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus.

The children of quality among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds of different kinds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus in the Captives mentions, and says, that for his part he had

———*tantum upupam.*

Upupa signifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock* or some instrument of the same kind, employed to dig stones from the quarries.

STEEVENS.

²¹ *Being compact of credit,]* means, *being made altogether of credulity.*

STEEVENS.

²² *—vain,]* is *light of tongue, not veracious.*

JOHNSON.

²³ *Not mad, but mated,]* i. e. confounded. So in *Macbeth*:

My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.

STEEVENS.

²⁴ *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.]*

When he calls the girl his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven.

JOHNSON.

²⁵ Ant. S. *What's her name?*

Dromio. *Nell, sir; but her name is three quarters; that is, an ell and three quarters, &c.]* This passage has hitherto lain as perplexed and unintelligible, as it is now easy, and truly humorous. If

a *conundrum* be restored, in setting it right, who can help it? There are enough besides in our author, and Ben Jonson, to countenance that current vice of the times when this play appear'd. Nor is Mr. Pope, in the *chastity* of his taste, to bristle up at me for the revival of this witticism, since I owe the correction to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby.

THEOBALD.

²⁶ S. Ant. *Where France?*

S. Dro. *In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.*] All the other countries, mentioned in this description, are in Dromio's replies satirically characterized: but here, as the editors have ordered it, no remark is made upon France; nor any reason given, why it should be in her forehead: but only the kitchen-wench's high forehead is rallied, as pushing back her *hair*. Thus all the modern editions: but the first folio reads—*making war against her heir*.——And I am very apt to think, this last is the true reading; and that an *equivoque*, as the French call it, a double meaning, is designed in the poet's allusion: and therefore I have replaced it in the text. In 1589, Henry III. of France being stabb'd, and dying of his wound, was succeeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his successor: but whose claim the states of France resisted, on account of his being a protestant. This, I take it, is what he means, by France making *war* against her *heir*. Now as, in 1591; queen Elizabeth sent over 4000 men, under the conduct of the earl of Essex, to the assist-

sance of this Henry of Navarre; it seems to me very probable, that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance. And it was the finest address imaginable in the poet to throw such an oblique sneer at France, for opposing the succession of that *heir*, whose claim his royal mistress, the queen, had sent over a force to establish, and oblige them to acknowledge.

THEOBALD. :

With this correction and explication Dr. Warburton concurs, and sir T. Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet surely they have all lost the sense by looking beyond it. Our author, in my opinion, only sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offensive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incrustated eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word must have senses applicable to both the subjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in some sort make war against their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war against its *heir*? The sense which I have given immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, arise to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without sending our conjecture in search of refinements. JOHNSON.

²⁷ —if my breast had not been made of faith.] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power, of transform-

ing men into animals, but a great share of *faith*: however the Oxford editor thinks *a breast made of flint*, better security, and has therefore put it in. WARBURTON.

²⁸ —at the Porcupine;] It is remarkable, that all over the ancient editions of Shakspeare's plays, (both in the folio and quartos) the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was so written at that time.

STEEVENS.

²⁹ —sere—] is dry, withered.

³⁰ Far from her nest the lapwing—] This expression seems to be proverbial. I have met with it in many of the old comic writers. Greene, in his Second Part of Cony-catching, 1592, says,——“ But again to our priggers, who, as before I said cry “with the lapwing farthest from the nest, and from “their place of residence where their most abode is.”

Nash, speaking of Gabriel Harvey, says——“ he “withdraweth men, lapwing-like, from his nest, as “much as might be.”

STEEVENS.

³¹ A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well.] To run counter is to run backward, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to draw dry-foot is, I believe, to pursue by the track or prick of the foot; to run counter and draw dry-foot well are, therefore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word counter, which means the wrong way in the chase, and a prison in London. The officer that arrested him was a serjeant of the counter. For the congruity of this jest with the scene of action, let our author answer.

JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same expression; Every Man in his Humour, Act ii. Sc. iv.

“ Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young, *dry-foot* over Moorfields to London this morning, &c.”

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot: for which the blood-hound is famed.

GRAY.

³² ———*was he arrested on a band?*] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly; though the modern editors read *bond*. A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a *neckcloth*. On this circumstance I believe the humour of the passage turns. STEEVENS.

³³ *What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd?*] A short word or two must have slipped out here, by some accident in copying, or at press; otherwise I have no conception of the meaning of the passage. The case is this. Dromio's master had been arrested, and sent his servant home for money to redeem him: he running back with the money meets the twin Antipholis, whom he mistakes for his master, and seeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a surprize;

What, have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd? For so I have ventured to supply, by conjecture. But why is the officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd? The allusion is to Adam in his state of innocence going naked; and immediately after the fall, being cloath'd in a frock of skins. Thus

he was new apparell'd: and, in like manner, the serjeants of the counter were formerly clad in buff, or calve's skin, as the author humourously a little lower calls it.

THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended.

JOHNSON.

³⁴ *he sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.*] *Sets up his rest*, is a phrase taken from military exercise. When gunpowder was first invented, its force was very weak compared to that in present use. This necessarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artists improved the strength of their powder, the soldiers proportionably shortened their arms and artillery; so that the canon which Froissart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to less than ten. This proportion likewise held in their muskets; so that, till the middle of the last century, the musketeers always supported their pieces when they gave fire, with a *rest* stuck before them into the ground, which they called *setting up their rest*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling allusion too to the serjeant's office of arresting. But what most wants animadversion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the sense, and false in the allusion; no pike being used amongst the dancers so called, or at least not fam'd for much execution. In a word, Shakespeare wrote,

—a MAURICE-pike,

i. e. a pikeman of prince Maurice's army. He was

the greatest general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country wars against Spain, under whom all the English gentry and nobility were bred to the service. Being frequently overborne with numbers, he became famous for his fine retreats, in which a stand of pikes is of great service. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits.

WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unnecessarily of the *rest of a musket*, by which he makes the hero of the speech set up the *rest of a musket*, to do exploits with a *pike*. The *rest of a pike* was a common term, and signified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great exploits were done, that is, great feats of dexterity were shewn. There is no need of change.

JOHNSON.

³³ *Mistress, respice finem, respect your end;*] These words seem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan against the lord of Liddington; which ends with these words, *Respice finem, respice funem*. But to what purpose, unless our author would shew that he could quibble as well in English, as the other in Latin, I confess I know not. As for *prophesying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any passenger was offended, it was the standing joke of the wise owner to say, *Take heed*,

sir, my parrot prophesies. To this, Butler hints, where, speaking of Ralpho's skill in augury, he says,
*Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
 That speak and think contrary clean;
 What member 'tis of whom they talk,
 When they cry ROPE, and walk, knave, walk.*

WARBURTON.

³⁶ *Kitchen-vestal.*] Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning.

JOHNSON.

³⁷ *Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?*] Shakspeare could never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next. This was the foolish insertion of the first editors. I have therefore put it into hooks, as spurious.

WARBURTON.

The defective metre of the second line, is a plain proof that some dissyllable word hath been dropped there. I think it therefore probable our poet may have written,

*Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
 But moodie [moping] and dull melancholy,
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?
 And at their heels a huge infectious troop.*

REVISAL.

³⁸ *Whom I made lord of me and all I had,*

At your important letters,—] Shakspeare, who gives to all nations the customs of his own, seems from this passage to allude to a *court of wards* in Ephesus.

STEEVENS.

Important seems to be for *importunate*. JOHNSON.

³⁹ —*with his mad attendant and himself,*] We should read,

—MAD himself. WARBURTON.

⁴⁰ *Twenty-five years*—] In former editions,
Thirty-three years.

'Tis impossible the poet could be so forgetful, as to design this number here: and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonstration. The number, I presume, was at first wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly; and thence the mistake might arise. Ægeon, in the first scene of the first act, is precise as to the time his son left him, in quest of his brother:

*My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, &c.*

And how long it was from the son's thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at Ephesus, where Ægeon, mistakingly, recognizes the twin-brother, for him, we as precisely learn from another passage in the fifth act.

*Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse-bay,
Thou knowest we parted;*

So that these two numbers, put together, settle the date of their birth beyond dispute. THEOBALD.

⁴¹ —and go with me:] We should read,

—and GAUDE with me:

i. e. rejoice, from the French, *gaudir*.

WARBURTON.

The sense is clear enough without the alteration.
The Revisal offers to read, more plausibly, I think,

———joy *with me*. STEEVENS.

⁴² *After so long grief, such nativity.*] We should
surely read,

After so long grief, such festivity.

Nativity lying so near, and the termination being
the same of both words, the mistake was easy.

JOHNSON.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.







